

THE CITIZEN

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Pride

"Pride goeth before a fall"; it is true, and the writer might also have said, "pride has kept many a man from falling, and it has helped many a one who was down, to get up on his feet again." Pride goes before prosperity and happiness. It makes for wholesome national and community life. Americans have been a proud people. They have held up their heads, in the field and in the court, and this pride has reflected in the growth of the nation. Under the pressure of pride the hoe and the shovel take on an air of dignity and classes disappear.

A man steps off the train in a strange town, he observes that the streets are dirty, the side walks are crumbling to pieces, buildings look dilapidated, and the lawns are unkempt. At once he says there is no pride in this town.

When pride goes out of a community, it is time for the inhabitants to put on mourning—prosperity is dying. The man who has no pride in his surroundings possesses little ambition to advance in life.

Berea is our town, we are proud of it, and we have a right to be. There are things yet to be done. We are not perfect. Let us make this year one of pride in our homes, our schools, our churches and our neighbors.

Of course, we do not mean that we should start out over the county blowing that Berea is the only town on the map. But—well, you know what we mean.

Break Up Lynch Law

(The Louisville Herald)

The Legislature of the State of South Carolina, both branches made up exclusively of white men, recently passed an act which provided that a penalty of \$2,000 may be assessed against any county in which a prisoner in custody of the law is lynched, the money to go to the relatives of the victim.

The new law is now being put into application. Some months ago Joe Stewart, a negro, was taken from the jail at Laurens, S. C., and lynched. A suit was duly filed against the county by the widow of the dead man, the case came up for trial, the presiding judge gave a peremptory instruction against the county and damages in the full sum of \$2,000 were assessed.

It may be said, and, in fact, it has already been said, that \$2,000 damages is an inadequate penalty for this infringement of the law, and, of course, it would be far better if some of the lynching party could be tried and imprisoned. Nevertheless this award of monetary damages is a hopeful beginning of what should be a nation-wide campaign against lynch law. Of course this matter must be left to the States. Nothing more foolish could be imagined than an attempt by Congress to enforce such penalties. And the fact that South Carolina has, of its own volition, taken the lead in this matter is a hopeful sign.

We must abolish lynch law in America, and we must secure for the negro a fair trial whenever he is accused of crime. There should, indeed, be no sentimentality attached to dealing with crime. What the negro needs is justice. When he commits crime he should be punished promptly, but the judgment should be returned by the regular courts of the land.

Berea and the Mountaineers

(Editorial from the Springfield Republican)

There can hardly be any disagreement with the opinion of Prof. John F. Smith of Berea College that one of the principal causes of poverty in the Kentucky mountains and of such crimes as flourish there is isolation. That it is indeed the basic cause seems to be demonstrated by his illuminating analysis of the situation.

While insisting that the decided majority of the mountaineers, as of the people of other regions of the United States, are law-abiding, he explains that many of the churches are weak because of unfit preachers and archaic notions of proper conduct, that the arm of the law is not sufficiently far-reaching, that opportunities for healthful social intercourse are few, that the inaccessibility of markets discourages legitimate industry and encourages bootlegging, that ignorance and social inexperience tend to make the native the easy victim of the predatory or dissolute adventurer. All these handicaps are outgrowths of geography, not of heredity. They prove nothing against the fiber of "the people that produced Lincoln."

Berea by its policy of aiding the student to work his way thru college, of encouraging industry in the home by training and by loans, attacks the problem on its vulnerable economic side. But it is not alone the student or the immediate home from which he comes that is affected, but the whole region. A forward step of much significance was taken recently when the new building of the department of fireside industries, the gift of Lieut.-Gov. Thruston Ballard and his wife, was dedicated. It means the systematic and effective encouragement of the native crafts which modern manufacture has driven from the ordinary market but for which there is nevertheless a ready market. This market the department will help to reach.

Not only weaving, in which many of the mountain women already excel, but basket-making, wood-carving, leather work, pottery-making and other handicrafts are to be taught and developed. It is not difficult to imagine the rise eventually of an industry of the extent and of the individual quality which mark, for instance, the industry of the mountaineers of Switzerland. It could not fail to mean the gradual disappearance of many of the ills which now characterize the region. Berea is to be congratulated in its opportunity, and helped in the fulfillment of it.

According to E. R. Downing, in a work entitled, "The Third and Fourth Generation," it is estimated that there are 200,000 feeble-minded persons in the United States, and their number, largely thru interbreeding, is apparently increasing more rapidly than that of the general population. From these feeble-minded, one five hundredth of our population, come two-fifths of our prostitutes, one fourth of our criminals and one half the inmates of our almshouses.

As long as a dollar bill is circulating around here, it is worth a dollar to the community.

When sent away it begins to enrich other people in other places. It seldom ever returns.

Keep the dollars at home as long as possible. Others are not tearing their hair in an effort to hand them to us.

Religion is Our Great Concern

Everybody knows that religion is our great concern, but we do not sense it or realize it until we stop and think.

This is what the protracted meetings do for us—they make us stop and think.

Berea is stopping and thinking. Our streets are full of converts and inquirers. There are songs and prayers where before all was silence or discord and unhappiness.

It makes small difference whether religion comes to us in Methodist bottles or in Baptist bottles, it is the same thing. The Disciples had their meetings and there were good results. Then the Baptists began and really shook the town. The converts of their meetings are to be found in all the nearby churches. Just now the Methodists are holding meetings with glorious results. Week after next the College will have its annual protracted meeting which is

for students only because the Chapel will only hold 1,400 people. And then it will be up to the old Union Church to come on and put on the cap sheaf!

Surely these are great days—the birthdays of souls! The decisions that are made in these meetings will tell for the Kingdom of God long after the present preachers and workers have passed to their rewards.

And this is a mighty good time for everybody to get onto the Gospel wagon. Come when others are coming. Come when you are not more deeply entangled in sin. Come when friends are praying for you and inviting you.

And we note not a few old church members who are renewing their youth in these meetings. Religion is worth talking about, worth sacrificing for, worth more than all on earth besides. Religion is the greatest thing in the world.

We have received the following letter from a subscriber to The Citizen:

Berea, Ky.
Jan. 14, 1922

Mr. James Reinhart,
Mgr. Editor of The Citizen,
Berea, Ky.

Dear Sir:

I wonder if you and your associates realize just what you are doing in the way of newspaper making? Some of your readers saw the first issue of The Citizen, and have seen copies of most issues since. The first issue had four pages—small pages. It looked timid and ashamed. It seemed feeble and afraid, and as I remember, it was given away to any one who would accept it, on Commencement Day, from a little booth near the Tabernacle. A copy of the first issue looked like such a sheet as one of your advertisers might get out now to tell about the price of beans and sugar.

Few of your readers will realize its tremendous growth in size, scope and importance. Where The Citizen goes, especially in the mountain sections, it is an institution like the post-office and going to mill.

The Citizen is non-partisan, therefore interesting to politicians, and both sides can damn it to their entire contentment and with good conscience. It has no political aspirations, and we must believe that those who write its political editorials are in earnest, for they cheerfully offend all parties on occasion.

The Citizen is non-sectarian in religious matters, and in fairness to its friends and supporters of every creed and of no creed at all, it publishes the earnest and thoughtful utterances of people of all shades of opinion. Therefore, it is instructive to most, and interesting to all, even to the extremists in both orthodoxy and liberalism, who are always finding something in it to condemn.

The Citizen gives the local news items from the cross-roads, the huckleberry patches, the back woods, the creeks and the mountain settlements. We learn from it what our friends and relatives are doing in the towns and in the country places. It is a weekly letter from the old home; it comes as straight as the crow flies and always arrives.

The Citizen has a feature, that so far as I know, is unique—Prof. Robertson's articles on World News. I pay eight dollars and fifty cents a year for the substance of those articles in two magazines. The Citizen's handling of the news of general and national importance is not excelled. In its unassuming way it is a national newspaper. I wonder if its makers realize it?

The Citizen is an all-around general newspaper. It covers the ground. It stands for decency, earnest thought and right living. There is something in it for everyone. It is like some fellow in the Bible, it is "all things to all men." May its circulation increase and its makers prosper.

Yours very truly,

A Reader

ADVERTISE THE MANUFACTURER'S SAMPLES AND BOOKLETS

The manufactured product is often its own best advertiser. For that reason the local merchant will frequently profit by featuring in his advertising samples and literature furnished to him by the manufacturer.

It is an easy thing to get your customers to ask for a free sample or booklet. Once they do, the chances are they will buy the product from you later.

And besides the increased sales, you get the increased prestige which the tie-up with the national advertiser gives.

Talk with your local publisher about this phase of advertising. He usually can give you good advice.—The Advertising Club of St. Louis

BEREA COMMUNITY ENTERTAINMENT

For the last two years the Woman's Club has financed and sponsored the school hot lunch in the public schools during the winter months. This year Berea community wishes to accept the responsibility of the school lunches as a community project. To this end different organizations are uniting in working out an interesting and entertaining program which will be given January 27 and 28 (Friday and Saturday nights) at the public school building.

The children of the first four grades are uniting with their teachers in the work of preparing two interesting numbers for the program. The girls of Echo Club, directed by women of the Progress Club, are to give a short comic play which is filled with laughter from beginning to end. The men of Berea were not to be outdone, and are being represented in a black-face minstrel by the young men of the town. The women of the Woman's Club are to assist Miss Kersey, who is managing the performance.

The program appears to be an unusually interesting one and well worth seeing. The proceeds of the entertainment will be used to pay a woman to prepare the school lunches during the winter months. The rest of the money will be used to improve the public school in other ways.

The tickets will be put on sale next week. The price will be 25 cents for adults and 15 cents for children. Tickets will be sold by the school children and at the drug stores, for special nights. A Friday night ticket will not give entrance to the Saturday night performance.

Everyone get behind this enterprise and boost the community work.

COMRADES

(A Father and His Son)

The sun shines bright upon the mountain peak,
And O, my son, the summit calls me there!

I hear the tongues above the cloud-mists speak
In thin small accents in the upper air.

I cannot go and leave you to despair
Where blighting winds will sear your youthful cheek,

Where evil angels hover near to wreak
Foul vengeance on earth's beautiful and fair.

So come, my son, we'll climb the steep together,
And hand in hand we'll journey on our way;

I'll be your stay whatever be the weather,
And you'll be mine whatever befall the day;

And if, perchance, we reach the lofty height
We're comrades while we gaze upon the glorious sight.

—John F. Smith

TRANSMISSION

During the rendering of a piano solo by one of the great artists in united chapel, October 1, 1921, our friend Taylor's fingers moved as if he were playing. His soul was so full of music he could not keep his fingers still. Oh that our souls might be so filled with the divine life that when the deep things of God are being opened up to us we could not keep still, but would have to express in some way this life, so those about us would catch the divine fire.

A Business Failure.

Allice—Did Gladys make a successful stenographer?
Virginia—No, indeed. She has been at it three years now and is still unmarried.

Justifies Its Existence.

Mr. Patunge—Did that correspondence course on "Success in Business" ever help any one to prosperity?
Mr. Patunge—Sure! I'm making a pretty good thing out of it.

JACKSON STREET LEAGUE

This organization has fully justified its existence, which has been for the past five or six years. That street, the one of the newer ones of the town, has become one of the most desirable for residence. Property on it has largely advanced in value, and is sought by people wishing a fine view, a quiet neighborhood, and progressive sentiment. The street now has concrete walks, curbing and gutters, and is just completing the macadamizing of the street for the entire width.

The striking improvements of the recent years have been brought about largely because of the readiness of the people living or owning property there to cooperate with the town authorities and assume some part of the incident expenses. In securing this end and in promoting a feeling of fellowship among the neighbors, the Jackson Street League has been a great success. Its annual meeting was held at the home of Secretary and Mrs. Vaughn, on Monday, the 16th, inst. The attendance was large, and much important business was transacted, including the election of officers for the coming year.

Professor L. V. Dodge, who has served as President for the past three years, sought to retire. But the sentiment for his retention in office proved so strong that he was finally elected by ballot for another year and accepted. Dr. Geo. H. Felton was reelected Vice President and Mr. Carroll C. Batson, Secretary-Treasurer. The following standing committees were chosen for the year:

Streets and sidewalks—F. O. Clark, J. F. Dean, John Muncy, L. V. Dodge, and E. G. Walker.

Sanitation—Harlan Dudley, John F. Smith, and G. H. Felton.

Ornamentation—Mrs. W. J. Baird, Mrs. E. L. Hanson, and Mrs. D. W. Webb.

Entertainment — Mrs. M. E.

Vaughn, Mrs. C. C. Batson, and Mrs. R. F. Spence.

The By-Laws were amended so as to make the regular time of meeting the first Monday of each month.

FRANK P. AMBROSE

On the night of January 2, 1922, at 8 o'clock, the spirit of Frank P. Ambrose passed into the Great Beyond.

For over three months he had been confined to his bed, and during the whole of that time it can be said truthfully that no living creature heard a murmur or a complaint fall from his dear lips. He was cheerful and patient, and until the last showed that humorous spirit which is so well remembered by his friends.

During his life the Bible was his constant companion and inspiration. For twenty years he has been a member of the church and a true Christian.

He leaves a wife and a daughter and two brothers, to whom his loss is indeed deep and bitter.

His death was the death of a Godly man, and as of one who falls asleep in Jesus.

He did not pass thru the dark waters alone; there was One who walked with him and guided him safe to the fold by the Good Shepherd.

So passed the spirit of our dear one to that bright home where there is neither sorrow nor death, and where the Lord liveth and reigneth forever and ever.

And No Tonic.

The medieval duke on the scaffold, was being kidded gently along by the executioner as the latter stropped his ax blade.

"Any last words, dook?" inquired the head taker.

"Mighty decent of you," murmured the duke as he laid his head on the block. "Just give it the once over, please."—Legion of Honor.

Southern Agriculturist

NASHVILLE, TENN.

The Giant of the South

Its immense popularity is due not only to the fact that every line in it is written for Southern farm families by men and women who know and appreciate Southern conditions, but to the practically unlimited personal service that is given to subscribers without charge.

Every year we answer thousands of questions on hundreds of different subjects—all without charge. When you become a subscriber this invaluable personal service is yours. That is one reason why we have

375,000 Circulation

The Rhode Island Reds was the talk last year.
Let's talk about a hen house this year.

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And also good locust posts for 14c.
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Disputants

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Our Improved Radiator Shutter Is Operated from the DASH

Made of Waterproof Fiber Composition. Retains the Heat, Better than Metal. Doesn't Rust or Rattle.

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